OUR EULOGIES IN STONE

CARE AND SKILL USED IN DESIGNING MODERN MONUMENTS.

Cemeteries Which Are as Beautiful as Parks—Evolution of the Mausoleum—Some of the Earlier Tombstones—Vogue For Obelisks.

Some one has inquired facetiously, "What's the latest in tombstones?" Strange as it may seem, fashion determines the character of tombstones as rigidly as that of my lady's gown. Perhaps the earliest form of memorial to the dead was the sarcophagus, and it is in a modified form the style which is most in favor in this country at the present time. Originally it was a huge stone box, fashioned to contain the mummies of Egyptian kings and persons of high degree. Later it was utilized by the Greeks, and was highly ornate and frequently a work of art. Then it was adopted by the Etruscans. The best preserved sarcophagi of the Etruscans are of terra-cotta, which is practically indestructible. Upon the top were often modeled the statues of those whose remains were deposited therein, usually in a recumbent position. The Romans also adopted the sarcophagus as a memorial to the dead, and that of Scipio, preserved in the Vatican in Rome, is one of the most beautiful of ancient or modern time.

The obelisk, which, until within a few years has been regarded in this country as the standard design for pretentious monuments, was first erected by Egyptian monarchs to commemmorate their conquests, and it was not until comparatively recent times that it was adopted for memorial purposes. So great was the vogue for obelisks, but a few years ago, and so enormous was their size, that some portions of our American cemeteries resembled manufacturing districts.

The earliest tombstones erected in the United States were of slate, and many remain standing in the older States which were erected 200 years ago. Sandstone was frequently utilized for this purpose and it endures the trying climate of the North better than marble. Forty years ago marble was the material in almost universal use for tombstones and monuments. But it was discovered that it was very destructible, and that within a generation or so it would crack and disintegrate. Since that time granite has come into general use for monumental purposes. It is composed of mica, feldspar and hornblende, crystalized and fused by heat and pressure, and is so dense that a cube one foot square weighs 170 pounds and is practically impervious to water.

Space largely determines the character of monumental structures. The modern American cemetery, a beautiful park, is unknown abroad, consequently our great burial places are unrivaled in beauty. There has been a wonderful evolution in tombstones within a few years. The use of granite has changed their character, and as the park idea has been more fully developed, a higher class of memorials have been evolved. The first attempts at important monuments of this material outside of the conventional obelisk or shaft, were in most cases the apothesis of ugliness. The hardness and stubbornness of the material rendered carving with the primitive tools of the stonecutter extremely difficult, but the demands of the trade and the invention of the pneumatic tool has to a great degree overcome the difficulty, and now beautiful forms are rendered almost as deftly in granite as in marble. A higher order of talent has been called into requisition and memorials are not uncommon which are artistic both in design and execution.

The mausoleum was so named from the Emperor Mansolus, who built himself a gigantic tomb of this form, fragments of which are preserved in the British Museum. This form of memorial is rapidly coming into favor among the wealthy classes in America. The old-fashioned side-hill, damp and gloomy vault is a thing of the past. The mausoleum of to-day is, or should be, wholly above ground, perfectly ventilated and lighted, and attractive without and within. The care which we bestow upon the last resting place of our loved ones is wholly a matter of sentiment, and there is a growing inclination among those who can afford it toward preserving the remains of their friends from the all-absorbing earth.

The largest mausoleum in the world is the Campo Santo at Genoa, Italy. It is a gigantic rectangular structure of marble, situated upon a hillside about six miles to the east. It is one of the most famous of the show places of that beautiful city. The building consists of a wall of white marble from the quarries of Carrara, which are but a few miles away. Upon this is a roof which on the inside is supported by square columns connected by arches. The interments are made through the floor. There is a line of stately monuments against the wall and another between the arches. The semi-tropical climate permits the use of marble, and the modern tendency to realism in Italian art has here run riot. It is said that there are spaces for 80,000 interments in the mausoleum and the ground which it incloses. In the centre of one of the walls is a mortuary chapel with a flat dome, which has a wonderful echo. A conversation in an ordinary tone of voice will start a perfect babel of sounds which resemble a big organ gone crazy.

In this country the tendency is toward permanence in every form of memorial. Even the headstone of to-day is not a mere splinter of marble stuck in the ground, to topple of break off in a few years, but a block of granite, with butt extending below the post line and of such weight as to keep it in place. Iron fences and stone copings have been abolished, as well as high posts and headstones. Everything is forbidden which interferes with the park-line effect. In other words, "the latest in tombstones" is in the direction of beauty and permanence.

Prehistoric Tool Dug Up.

An extremely interesting relic of bygone ages has just been dug up on the shore of Lake Gogebic, a few miles east of Ironwood, Mich., by A. C. Hargraves. It is a pickaxe of tempered copper that apparently had been used in prehistoric times by people dwelling along the lake.

The metallic part of the pick is twenty-three inches long and about half an inch thick. It tapers to a point at either end, and is as finely tempered as a piece of tool steel. At the centre is a place where the tool was bound by thongs to a handle of wood. It is so hard that a steel file makes no impression on the copper.

The art of tempering the red metal is unknown at the present day. Occasionally tempered copper knives have been dug up in this region, but this is the largest tool ever found.—New York Times.

Marjorie's Economy.

Marjorie's mother has become greatly interested in the subject of domestic economy. Several courses in a fashionable cooking school have opened her eyes to the fact that nothing should be wasted in the average household. So firmly have these facts taken hold upon her that an uncomfortable vigilance has reigned over the culinary department where peace, plenty and extravagance have hitherto held sway. That Marjorie should be influenced by the new order of things was inevitable. Marjorie had a kitten and the kitten died. The day after this occurrence the small economist appeared in her mother's room carrying the sad and drooping remains. "Mother," she said, severely, "what do you think I found thrown away now? A perfectly good kitten!"—New York Sun.

Worship by Machinery.

A story is told of one of the old-time pillars of a New England church who held out firmly for a long time against the innovation of an organ, but when he finally yielded did so without reserve. From violent opposition he became the most strenuous of all the congregation as to the fineness of the instrument to be purchased.

"Seems to me you aren't consistent," said one economical brother, reproachfully. "Here a month ago you couldn't speak harsh enough about organs, and now you go to advocating extra expense in getting the best that's to be had."

"See here," said the deacon grimly, "if we're going to worship the Lord by machinery, I don't want to putter around with any second-rate running gear."—Youth's Companion.

Joys of Illness.

There's nothing like a little fit of illness now and then.

It puts you back where you belong.

It rests you.

It convinces you afresh that failure to heed laws of sanity and sanitation means your undoing.

It shows how necessary it is to "take your medicine like a little man," whether you want it or not.

It teaches you that, no matter what comes in the way of work or worry, you must never lose sight of the rules of health.

It gives you time to think.

It suggests renewing your acquaintance with loved books between whose covers you never have time to look.—New York News.

Three "Domestic" Murderers.

Augustus Cottrell, butler, murderer and suicide, who slew his master, a Manchester solicitor, is one of the three domestic Zimris who figure prominently in the criminal annals of the last hundred years. The other two were Courvoisier, who killed Lord William Russell with a carving knife, in Audley Square, and the nondescript valet, who accounted for the ex-Bonapartist agent, the Comte d'Entraigues, and his wife, the famous St. Huberti, with knife and pistol on Barnes Terrace, in 1812.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Zola's Greatest Distinction.

At the celebration in the Pantheon recently all the celebrities of France were present, of course, and equally as a matter of course were bedizened with ribbons, stars and all the other marks of distinction in which France is so opulent. There was one little man, however, who appeared all in black, and didn't wear a single ribbon or star. It was Zola!—London M. A. P.

Society Takes to Somersaults.

The latest London novelty is the "somersault cure" for fat women. A West End surgeon's house has been fitted up as a luxurious gymnasium, where aristocratic patients turn somersaults, on Swedish principles, in the hopes of reducing their obesity. The "cure" is said to be most efficacious.

Orange Forever!

There are strong signs of an approaching struggle for navel supremacy in California. The northern citrus belt is putting on its war paint, and means to give the south a tussle in the orange market at an early day.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Philosophy.

Philosophy is an affectation of submission to what one can't help.—New York Press.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

Dull Routine and Poor Fare of His Daily Life.

The newly-fledged Russian soldier, when his corners have been knocked off, is drafted into a regiment and prepared for the severe training he will soon be forced to undergo in camp. If he is in the cavalry he will have to rise at 4 in the morning to look to his horse; if in the infantry he must be out and about by 6 a. m., cleaning and mending his clothes as the first duty of the day. Early morning inspection is followed by a call to prayers, and then the soldier, hungry enough by now, eats his morning black bread and rusks and drinks his tea, in preparation for the real work of the day.

Every morning and every night the Russian soldier is summoned to prayers. The services are as much a part of the every-day routine as breakfast and supper. No other army observes so many religious ceremonies.

With drilling and riding, gymnastics, fencing and shooting, according to his regiment, the soldier works hard until the time for dinner arrives, between 11 and 12. Afterward, until 2 o'clock, he may sleep or rest. Two hours' drilling is followed by tea. Between 6 and 7 the illiterates of the regiment study the arts of reading and writing in large classes, for in every regiment they form a goodly company. The teaching is undertaken by officers, and considering the simplicity of their pupils their duties are hardly enviable. At 7 o'clock comes supper; at 9 the men are again summoned to prayers, and afterward may seek their hard and by no means luxurious beds.

The Russian soldier's diet is largely vegetarian. Favorite dinner dishes include "stche"—a cabbage soup—potatoes, peas, beans, macaroni and various kinds of porridges, eaten with onions and lard. Only half-a-pound of meat is allowed each man daily, and the Russian pound is ten per cent. less than in this country. Mushrooms are consumed in great quantities when in season. Three pounds of black rye bread are included in the daily rations, and if any is left over, the men are at liberty to sell the remains. As the soldier's bread is very nourishing and purer than the ordinary baker's, the extra rations sell well. In the way of drink beer is too great a luxury for Ivan Ivanovitch, so quenches his thirst with "qvas," a cheap substitute, made from fermented black bread, and very wholesome. On high days the soldiers are regaled with vodka, often at their officers' expense.—Pearson's Magazine

Baggage Rights of a Corpse.

A dead man has the same rights as a live one. This question has been passed on by the chief baggage master at the Union depot, and it was done in a hurry, too. There were five live persons and a deal man waiting for the decision. The coffin was placed in the baggage car and then the trunks of the five persons were weighed.

The weight exceeded the 150 pounds for each, but if the dead man were allowed baggage, this would solve the difficulty. The clerk had never heard of such a thing before. He refused to check a trunk on the dead man's ticket.

The train was ready to start. The five persons did not care to pay for the excess baggage, neither did they like to allow the body to go alone. The whistle of the train tooted its first warning.

Just then the chief baggage master arrived. He took in the situation at a glance.

"Check the trunks," he exclaimed, and the five hurried off in time to catch their train.

Then he explained to the clerk that the General Traffic Managers' Association had passed on the question. This organization decided that when a full fare ticket is paid for, for the transportation of a corpse, the ticket carries with it the regular baggage privilege of "not to exceed 150 pounds."—Denver Post.

British Navy Better Than Ever.

"I have known the inner workings of the navy intimately for ten years now, and I unhesitatingly affirm that the mediocre men of to-day are better than the best men of ten years ago. In energy, thought, zeal, brain power, resource, individuality, in all these and kindred things the navy is on a decided up-grade, and the personnel of the navy of the past is simply not to be compared with the navy of to-day.

"In all the rot around us, the British Navy is the one thing healthy yet. The whole aim and object of modern naval warfare is to make the enemy lose his head. The officers and men of the British Navy will keep their heads longer than any—that is the object of all their training. In the navy, if a man has distinguished himself, he is ashamed of it rather than otherwise, he feels no pride in it, and keeps quiet for fear of having the sneering epiphet, 'ero' applied to him. To 'do his job' is the beginning and end of things with him."—Fred T. Jane, in Fortnightly Review.

He Had the Best of It.

Professor Blank is something of a crank in the matter of correctness of speech, and occasionally makes himself unpleasant, not to say disagreeable, to those about him by calling attention to their lapses from good English.

"What is the use, Cornelius," said his wife to him on one occasion, "of your trying to reform people's way of speaking? A language is like a great river. It takes its course, and you cannot control it."

"Ah, but you can!" replied the professor. "You can—at the mouth. Look at the Mississippi jetties."

This effectually closed the mouth of his good wife.—Youth's Companion.

It Wasn't Necessary.

Romantic Miss—Do you love me well enough to do battle for me?

Ardent Suitor—Aye, against a thousand.

"Well, Mr. Bigfish is paying me a good deal of attention. Would you fight him for me?"

"Yes, I would."

"Could you defeat him?"

"N-o; he'd probably thrash the life out of me."

"Mercy! well, never mind. I'll take you without any fighting; and, oh, do please remember, my darling, promise me on your honor, that if you ever see Mr. Bigfish coming you'll run."—Tid Bits.